C.

O'KEEFE

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THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA:

A COMIC OPERA,

In Three Acts,

BY JOHN O'KEEFFE,

Author of The Agreeable Surprise, Highland Reel, Son-in-Law, Poor Soldier, The Prisoner at Large, Wild Oats, Love in a Camp, The Farmer, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. BUCKSTONE,
IN THE CHARACTER OF SPADO.
Engraved on Steel by Mr. Hollis, from an original Painting by Mr. Buss.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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MEMOIR OF MR. BUCKSTONE.

THERE must be a peculiar charm in a roving life that the smoke-dried inhabitants of towns and cities have no idea of:-

> " Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> There feel we but the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference."

Yet these " brothers in exile" had store of fat venison where-with to regale themselves, and sparkling claret and canary to keep out the cold. The ancient crew of merry beggars exhibit numerous examples of itinerant feasting and jollity. Their kettle seldom boiled without a good fat hen in it; nor were vinous stimulants wanting, where the doctrine of community of goods was in daily operation. The life of a strolling player is the most singular of all illusions. As ragged as " Lazarus in the painted cloth," and as lean; trembling at the beadle's lash, and sleeping in the barn where, a few hours before, he sat in all the pomp and magnificence of pasteboard and tinsel, the dramatic monarch levies war, makes peace, cuts off the heads of refractory subjects, and sets a whole village agape with his fantastic tricks. Then the torments of Tantalus he is called to endure! Drinking water out of a parcel-lacquered goblet, and swearing it true Falernian; carving counterfeit ducks and geese, stuffed (not with veritable sage and onion) but bran and sawdust; and dissecting turkies and fowls of three-inch deal—a *dejunè* in a timber-yard! Still, endless variety of scene, nightly plaudits, mock sceptres and paper crowns, make large amends for these awkward privations; and we have seldom met an ubiquitous prince or peer that has not been self-complacent and happy—*nuts* (as we say in the classics) and *upon terms!*

A candidate for the stage once applied to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his talents, the following dialogue took place between the manager and him. " Sir, you stutter;" " So did *Mrs. Inchbald.*" " You are lame of a leg;" " So was *Foote.*"—' You are knock-kneed;" " So is *Wroughton.*"—" You have a damned ugly face;" " So had *Weston.*"—" You are very short;" " So was *Garrick.*"—" You squint abominably;" " So does *Lewis.*"—" You are a mere monotonous mannerist;" " So is *Kemble.*"—" You are but a miserable copy of Kemble;" " So is *Barrymore.*"—" You have a perpetual whine;" " So has *Pope.*"—" You are a buffoon;" " So is *Jack Bannister.*"—" You sing as ill as you act;" " So does *Kelly.*"—" But you have all those defects combined;" " *So much the more singular.*"

John Baldwin Buckstone, Esq. was born on 18th September, 1802, at Hoxton, one of the rural retreats of the citizens of olden time. Harken to the facetious *Will Pinkethman*:"

> " The cits take lodgings, being nice in air,
> At *Hackney, Islington*, or *Hoxdon* Square."

His parents were respectable, gave him a good education, and, at the usual age, placed him in the office of a solicitor. But John's early passion was not for bills of costs, but bills of the play; he longed to draw, not leases, but audiences; and as for pleas, to please the town was the chief object of his ambition. He cared little for *Coke*, while *Shakspeare's* muse of fire was warming his imagination; and ere he had reached the age of seventeen, two tragedies and a comedy called him father. What a debating society is to a Cheapside Demosthenes in embryo, a private theatre is to a would-be Kemble or Cooke. The cit learns with appropriate gravity to

> "Shake his empty head,
> And deal out empires as he deals out thread,"

ere the thunders of his eloquence electrify Gog and Magog, and make the men in armour start from their spears! And the stage-struck hero shouts his emulation with the well known storm-and-power effect of probationary lungs, as a prelude to *Barnwell* or *Barnaby Brittle* in a barn, where, if he prove not a man of straw, he may weave himself a coronet for King Lear when he becomes right-royally mad at the metropolitans. Mr. Buckstone made his first bow at the Peckham Theatre, or barn. It was not strictly a barn, because it had a stage, scenes, and a green curtain; nor exactly a theatre, for at one end stood the ruins of a manger, not so entirely dilapidated as to leave not a *rack* behind. He appeared in *Captain Aubri* in *The Dog of Montargis*—and, according to his own account, a laughable appearance it was. The applause he received decided his future fate. He "left his father's house, and took with" him as much of his wardrobe as he could carry; visited, professionally, Folkstone, Hastings, Northampton, Leicester,—a *walking gentleman* in more than one sense of the word. The old adage,—

> "Who sings a merrier note
> Than he that is not worth a groat,"—

received the lie direct in the case of Buckstone; who, with all his efforts to be droll, looked only three characters properly—*Sharp*, the *Lay-Brother*, and the *Starved Apothecary!* At Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, he and a leash of his comates were obliged to bolt *a la Wiggins* out at window, to escape the fangs of an infuriated Boniface, who threatened to put the vagrants in the stocks, or make them peep through the timber, for a score they were unable to pay; and Mr. Buckstone declares, that not the most successful of his pieces ever had such *a run!* Flesh and heart failing—his outward habiliments gradually disappearing to sustain his inward man—breakfasting upon a coat, dining, not sumptuously, upon a pair of boots and breeches, and supping upon a superannuated chapeau bras, he resolved, like the prodigal, to return home, before he had entirely swallowed his wardrobe; and, alas! so miserably was he fallen away from the few remaining stitches, that they hung upon him like festoons—in fact, nothing pinched him but his belly. Being with some difficulty identified, for he had left home fat and impudent, he was received with open arms, liberally supplied with food and raiment, and, thanks to the cook and the tailor! soon recovered his natural good looks. It was thought that he had *now* sown his wild oats: so he had, and up they came a plenteous crop!—Having got into flesh, he was again visited by its concomitant frailty. He had no respect for the Chancellor's wig—he had worn *Lingo's*; and, when pressed to return to his old master, he was fain to assume

the voice and attitude of that comical homo—"Stand out of the way, Domine Felix, while the Princess Rustyfusty *shoots the attorney!*" The lessee of the Surrey Theatre having offered him an engagement, he made his first appearance in London in the part of *Peter Smink*, in a burletta of that name, with considerable success.

His drama of *Luke the Labourer*, which had been produced at the Adelphi with much applause, brought him under the notice of its manager, the late Mr. Terry, a judge of merit, and a liberal man; an engagement followed, and Mr. Buckstone, having taken leave of his friends on the Surrey side of the water, crossed Waterloo Bridge, and, on September 30, 1827, made that region of mirth ring with his comicalities in *Bobby Trot*.

Were Mr. Buckstone a *ghost*, we should hardly have to record more *appearances*. April 8, 1833 (Easter Monday), introduced him in *Dan* to a Haymarket audience. On the same night he played a lively bustling part in his new farce, called *Open House*. The author and his farce were favourably received; he has therefore secured good quarters for summer and winter, and long may he continue to enjoy them!

Mr. Buckstone has had the singular good fortune to have his talents well appreciated and employed. He has not, like *Harley*, when at the Haymarket, been reserved for the last piece only, and sent upon the stage at *midnight* to recruit the jaded and worn-out spirits of a few club-house idlers; nor *Wilkinson*, with first-rate powers to delight an audience, a prime favourite and a worthy man, shelved at the Adelphi. He has not, like these eminent comedians, had every obstacle cast in his way from motives that cannot be but unworthy: his abilities have had fair play, and fair play is a jewel not always found in the crown of a theatrical monarch.

His person is somewhat of the shortest, but dapper and well made, and his features are intelligent. He possesses great animal spirits—the *physique* in abundance, with a sprinkling of the *morale*. He speaks with rapidity, and has a knack of letting his voice *run down* upon a word that requires neither pause nor emphasis. This produces monotony in his acting. His conception is generally correct; indeed, a dramatist who has written so much, and plays so much of what he has written, can hardly fail to understand his author.—His *forte* is in characters shrewd, quaint, and impudent; yet he can assume a sheepish simplicity, and look as great a goose as any of his audience. The parts in which he has particularly merited and gained applause are *'Squire Richard*, *Sim*, *Billy Lackaday*, and *Spado*. In the latter, Mr. Buss has drawn him to the very life, the perfection of ludicrous wonderment and terror. We should like to see him in *Slender* and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*.

He has written tragedies, comedies, farces, dramas, melodramas, extravaganzas, interludes, *cum multis aliis*, to the number of seventy, *and more!* Among the most popular are *Luke the Labourer*, *Open House*, *A Husband at Sight*, *The Happiest Day of my Life*, *Mischief-Making*, and *Popping the Question*.

It is seldom that we see *actor* and *author* successfully combined. *Farquhar* failed on the stage for lack of confidence, and *Savage* and *Murphy* for lack of ability. *Cibber* and *Macklin*—*Garrick* and *Foote*, are brilliant exceptions. Mr. Buckstone is doubly fortunate in having two strings to his bow.

☞ D.——G.

REMARKS

The Castle of Andalusia.

"To please the town is not a task severe;" for the town is a laughing, good-natured town, and whoever says to the contrary is no judge, whatever he may be of a gentleman. This abatement of critical severity has, however, been attended with a serious diminution of profit: the town, less liberal of censure, is more sparing of reward; it is easier to please, but harder to bleed; it *laughs*, but has it left the bard a bed whereon to *lie down*?—We hail the current of public favour when it flows in the current coin of the realm; we value golden opinions when his most gracious Majesty is pleased to condescend his countenance, and are not indifferent to applauding hands, provided there be something in them;—but for the barren *sceptre* of new fangled popularity, give us an old English *crown*; the "*aura sacra fames*" we leave to romance-writers. We are too palpable to subsist on the breath of fame—we are *not* camelions, and cannot live upon *air*.

Whence this falling-off in receipts?—Why, truly, to the amazing fecundity of dramatic brains—to the astounding fact that our audiences are turning authors! Jack Bannister, in early life, was intended for a painter; his father, anacreontic Charles, promised him a shilling for every head that he should bring him.—This prospect of pocket-money set Jack's brush in perpetual motion; and duly every morn at rehearsal he appeared with two faces, not under his hood, but his arm. This prodigious industry proved a perpetual drain on the purse of the delighted parent; and one day, when the future Daggerwood presented the everlasting face, and demanded the accustomed shilling, he exclaimed, with ludicrous impatience, "Damn it, Jack! you're like an *ordinary*—a shilling *a-head!*"

Glorious were the days of Colman and O'Keeffe—of Morton, Reynolds, and Tom Dibdin (Tom got a *thousand*

pounds each for *The Cabinet* and *The English Fleet !*) when dramatists were comparatively scarce, and a new play received welcome less, perhaps, for its merit, than because (like the Ghost in Hamlet) it was a *stranger !* But pieces now-a days may be had for nothing, which, nine times out of ten, is as much as they are worth.

To print all such that managers play on these terms would exhibit the *extent* of the British drama, without adding to its *respectability*.—At present, having no intention to let

"The milk of our good purpose run to *waste*,"

we publish *The Castle of Andalusia*.

The grotesque humour that sparkles in the productions of O'Keeffe runs riot in this opera. There may be intricacy of plot and improbability of incident, but these objections vanish before the wit of the dialogue, and the drollery of the characters.—The tricks and impositions of Spado, the conceit and pomposity of Pedrillo, are an excellent relief to the romantic parts of the opera, the character of Don Cæsar, the robbers, and the cave.

The songs are songs of character : they speak the sentiments of the persons, and carry on the action.—This merit is peculiar to O'Keeffe.—Those of a serious cast are energetic and tender—those of a comic, are full of eccentricity and whim.

This drama gives great delight in representation : the incidents are well adapted to the stage, and, when heightened by good acting, are highly entertaining.—It will be read with no further abatement of pleasure than what arises from the absence of music, scenery, and lively impersonation.

Our fathers were wont to talk of Edwin in Pedrillo—nor can we be silent on the merits of Fawcett and Bannister : the dry, epigrammatic humour of the one, the unctuous, laughing drollery of the other. Quick, the original Spado, lives in our remembrance—his flaring eye, fierce strut, and squeaking treble ; we mark his roguish leer ; we listen to his chuckle and his lies—his "Hey down, ho down !" and behold his little round body trembling with ludicrous terror when those bloody, wicked, honest, good-natured fellows, Don Cæsar and Sanguino, present a pistol instead of the pistoles !—With Quick this was ever a favourite character ; and in the "*Noctes*" we for many years were wont to pass in his company, he spoke

of "little Spado" as "a great part," second only to Tony Lumpkin and "cunning Isaac."—No man was a greater enthusiast in his art, or more inquisitive of what was doing in the theatrical world.—He had a file of old play-bills, or, as he called them, "the Sessions' Papers," to which he would often refer; and his comments on his contemporaries, accompanied with imitations of their physiognomy, voice, and manner, had all the spirit and raciness of Cibber.—Of Ned Shuter he spoke in terms of unqualified admiration, as an actor of the broadest humour the stage had ever seen; and of Edwin as a surpassing droll, with a *vis comica* of extraordinary power, and the finest burletta singer in the world.—Edwin was fond of engrossing the stage to himself—of disconcerting an actor by sudden crosses; he would not "give and take."—He considered Tom Weston, though in many respects a glorious actor, too rough a transcript of nature—true, indeed, to the very letter, but coarse, and occasionally offensive; and Dodd (except in Sir Andrew Aguecheek, which he pronounced a masterpiece of fatuity,) too studied and artificial. He could never account for Garrick's extreme partiality for Woodward (Davy delighted to act with him), whose style was dry and hard; his fine gentleman had none of the fire, spirit, and fascination of Lewis; it was snappish, pert, and not a little ill-bred. His Bobadil and Parolles were inimitable. Moody was far surpassed by Jack Johnstone; except in the Irishman in The Register Office, which somehow admirably fell in with his drawling, sluggish humour. He pronounced Mathews's Sir Fretful Plagiary equal to the best thing Parsons ever did (Davy, in Bon Ton, always excepted); yet Parsons's Old Doiley was for ever on his lips, and his "Don't go for to put me in a passion, Betty!" was Quick's favourite catch-word, when mine hostess of the King's Head, Islington, had put too much lime in his punch. He gave due praise to Yates, in Lovegold, but accounted (somewhat whimsically) for his peculiar excellence in that part—he and his wife (the great tragic actress) being notorious misers. He awarded to Suett the palm of originality. Such an actor, so indescribably singular and queer, he had never seen before or since. He could trace imitation in most of his contemporaries (he confessed that *he* had not seen *Shuter* in vain), but Suett was himself alone; and when we told him of the wonders

Mathews had enacted in transcribing one comical page from the book of Dickey's Drolleries, and of his pressing invitation to the writer to bring this distinguished veteran and brother to partake of his hospitality, promising, by way of dessert, a resuscitation of *Endless* and *Dicky Gossip*, nothing but increasing infirmity prevented Quick taking this pleasant pilgrimage. He called Joe Munden a *face-maker*, depending too much upon that enemy to good acting, the word "*distort.*" He would not allow him to be named with Edwin, to whose characters he succeeded—*Darby, Jemmy Jumps*, &c. &c. but highly praised his Sir Francis Gripe, and, above all, Old Dornton, the wonderful effects of which, on both actors and audience, he had often witnessed when he played Silky in the same comedy. He thought King the best prologue-speaker (not excepting Garrick) of his day; his words flew from his lips with admirable distinctness and point. In characters of bluff assurance and quaint humour—Brass, Trappanti, and Touchstone—he had no superior. It may be gratifying to an eminent *living* actor to hear, that Quick considered the *modern* Sir Peter and Lord Ogleby, (they wanted perhaps a *little* more of the stateliness of the old school) fully equal to the far famed performances of "honest Tom." Of the delightful humour of Bannister, he spoke in high terms; and often wished, when Fawcett was named, to have been the representative of Caleb Quotem and Job Thornberry after the manner of the *original*. Garrick, or, as he pronounced it (for the loss of his front teeth had turned the R into a W), Garwick, was his idol. His acting was a subject that seldom failed to call forth an extra bumper of his favourite beverage :—

> "Age could not wither it, nor custom stale
> Its infinite variety."

His sitting-room was hung round with representations of this great master in different characters—Drugger, Richard, Sir John Brute, Kitely, cheek-by-jowl with his own comic self in Sancho, Tony Lumpkin, Isaac, Spado, &c. &c. As an imitator of the whole human race, he considered Garrick gifted with super-human powers; but declared that he never produced anything so perfect and *unique* as Kemble's Coriolanus, Cooke's Sir Pertinax (which he considered superior to Macklin's,) and Siddons's Lady Macbeth. We believe he

never saw Mr. Kean. Once we thought him fairly enlisted to see Shylock, and hinted to Munden (who played Launcelot Gobbo that night) that he would behold the veteran with his flaxen wig, bright blue coat, and blooming bouquet in the stage-box, O. P. But age is capricious and wavering; and Munden cast up many a wistful look, and distended his jaws, to the expected quarter, but in vain. We conversed with him in his chamber a few days before his death. The poor player, who had long ceased to strut and fret his hour upon the stage, was now about to shuffle off this mortal coil, and had become (as he remarked) "a grave man." He received the last consolations of religion from the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington (now Bishop of Calcutta), and died apparently without a struggle, and with that hope which a well-spent life and unshaken faith only can inspire. We attended his funeral at the burial ground of the chapel of ease, Holloway.

Munden lost none of the humour of Spado; his performance was more full of effect than Quick's. Mr. Buckstone's version is good; excellent, if loud and abundant mirth be the criterion of excellence. Webster is a fair substitute for Harley in Pedrillo. Edwin, in Don Fernando, gave us pleasure, particularly in the air—

"My fair one, like the blushing rose,"—

and Victoria—

"It is the *Cause*, it is the *Cause*, my soul,"

warbled the beautiful music with considerable taste.

☞ D.——G.

Costume.

DON FERNANDO. — *First dress:* A purple Spanish coat, trimmed with silver and spangles—white satin waistcoat, and white kerseymere pantaloons to match—russet boots—sword and chain—ruff—black velvet hat and ostrich feathers—Spanish cloak. *Second dress:* Orange and green doublet, vest, and pantaloons—russet boots.

SPADO.—Lavender-coloured doublet, vest, and trunks, slashed and trimmed with orange-coloured cloth—red stockings—russet boots—orange-coloured hat—white collar.

PEDRILLO.—*First dress:* Gray and pink doublet, with hanging sleeves, vest, and trunks, and hat to match—gray stockings and russet boots. *Second dress:* Rich silk flowered night-gown and cap. *Third dress:* Purple and silver shape—red stockings—russet shoes—rosettes—lace collar, &c.

DON CÆSAR (Ramirez). — Morone tunic and cloak—breastplate—fleshings—russet boots—sword and chain—belt and pistols—large hat, with black feathers—gauntlets.

DON SCIPIO.—Crimson doublet, slashed with white satin—cloak, belt, and trunks, trimmed with spangles, and bell buttons—crimson stockings—shoes and rosettes—sword and belt—cane—black hat and white feathers—lace collar.

PHILIPPO.—Drab tunic, with bell buttons—buff pantaloons—russet boots—drab cloth hat.

SANGUINO.—Brown tunic—breastplate—sword and chain—belt and pistols—fleshings—russet boots—large hat and cloak—gauntlets.

RAPINO.—Morone tunic—ibid.

CALVETTE.—Red tunic—ibid.

ROBBERS.—Drab tunics—ibid.

VASQUEZ.—Crimson and blue Spanish jacket, vest, and pantaloons—russet boots—ruff, &c.

DON JUAN.—Red cloth, trimmed with blue satin—bell buttons—doublet—belt and trunks—blue hose—russet boots—cloak—black hat and white feathers—cane—ruff, &c.

DON ALPHONSO.—Crimson velvet tunic, slashed with white satin, and trimmed with spangles and bell buttons—lace collar—white silk tights—yellow morocco boots—black hat and ostrich feathers.

VICTORIA.—White satin Spanish dress, trimmed with blue and silver bell buttons—lace veil—necklace, &c.

CATILINA.—Black velvet body and tabs, trimmed with bell buttons—blue silk petticoat, ornamented with points—white slip, &c.

ISABELLA.—Black velvet Spanish dress, with pink points—veil, &c.

LORENZA.—Blue satin Spanish dress, richly ornamented with lace and white satin—lace veil—bracelets—necklaces—combs, &c.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	Covent Garden. 1809.	*Drury-Lane.* 1828.	*Haymarket.* 1833.
Don Alphonso	Mr. Braham.		Mr. Anderson.
Don Scipio	Mr. Emery.	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Strickland.
Don Fernando	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Horn.	Mr. Edwin.
Don Juan	Mr. Davenport.	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. T. Cooper.
Pedrillo, Servant to Don Fernando	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Webster.
Spado	Mr. Munden.	Mr. J. Russell.	Mr. Buckstone.
Don Cæsar (Captain Ramirez)	Mr. Townsend.	Mr. Bedford.	Mr. Huckel.
Sanguino		Mr. O. Smith.	Mr. Gallott.
Calvette	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Sheriff.	Mr. East.
Rupino	Mr. Abbot.	Mr. Eaton.	Mr. Eaton.
Vasquez, Servant to Don Scipio	Mr. Klanert.	Mr. Honor.	Mr. Bishop
Philippo	Mr. King.	Mr. Maxwell.	Mr. Newcombe.
Victoria	Mrs. Atkins.	Miss Grant.	Miss Cawse.
Catilina	Mrs. Mills.	Miss M. A. Tree.	Miss Matley.
Donna Isabella	Mrs. Powell.	Miss C. Jones.	Mrs. Tayleure.
Donna Lorenza	Signora Storace.	Madame Fearon.	Miss Turpin.

Banditti, Servants, &c.

SCENE—*Spain.*

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern, with winding stairs, and recesses cut in the rock—a large lamp hanging* c.—*a table—wine, fruits, &c., in disorder.*

Don Cæsar *discovered sitting at the head of the table,* c.—Spado *and* Sanguino, l.—Rapino, *and others of the Banditti,* r.

CHORUS.

Here we sons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly rock-hewn cell;
Pleasure's dictates we obey,—
Nature points us out the way;
Ever social, great, and free,
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.—Don Cæsar.

Of severe and partial laws
Venal judges, alguazils,
Dreary dungeons' iron jaws,
Oar and gibbet, whips or wheels,
Let's never think,
While thus we drink
Sweet muscadine,—
Oh, life divine!

Chorus. Here we sons of freedom dwell, &c.

Don C. Come, cavaliers, our carbines are loaded, our hearts are light: charge your glasses—Bacchus gives the word, and a volley makes us immortal as the rosy god.—Fire!

Spa. Ay, captain, this is noble firing.—Oh, I love a volley of grape-shot! [*Looking at Sanguino's glass.*] Are we to have any skylight in our cave?

Don C. Oh, no—a brimmer round.—Come, a good booty to us to-night! [*All drink.*

Spa. Booty!—Oh, I love to rob a fat priest!—Stand! says I; then I knock him down.

San. My nose bleeds. [*Looks at his handkerchief.*] I wonder what colour is a coward's blood.

Spa. Don't you see it's red?

San. [*Rising in fury.*] Ha! call me coward, sirrah! Captain—cavaliers! But this scar on my forehead contradicts the miscreant.

Spa. Scar on your forehead!—Ay, you will look behind you when you run away.

San. [*Drawing a stiletto.*] I'll stab the villain—I will, by Heaven!

Don C. Pooh, Sanguino!—You know, when a jest offers, Spado regards neither time, place, nor person.

All. [*Interposing.*] Don't hurt little Spado.

Spa. [*Hiding behind.*] No, don't hurt little Spado.

San. Run away!—Armies have confessed my valour. The time has been——But no matter. [*Sits.*

Don C. Come, away with reflection on the past, or care for the future: the present is the golden moment of possession—let us enjoy it.

All. Ay, ay, let us enjoy it.

Don C. You know, cavaliers, when I entered into this noble fraternity, I boasted only of a little courage, sharpened by necessity, the result of my youthful follies, a father's severity, and the malice of a good-natured dame.

Spa. Captain, here's a speedy walk-off to old women.

All. [*Drinking and laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. When you did me the honour to elect me your captain, two conditions I stipulated: though at war with the world abroad, unity and social mirth should preside over our little commonwealth at home.

Spa. Yes, but Sanguino's for no head: he'll have ours a commonwealth of fists and elbows.

Don C. The other, unless to preserve your own lives, never commit a murder.

Spa. I murdered since that—a bishop's coach-horse.

All. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. Hand me that red wine.

AIR.—Don Cæsar.

Flow, thou regal purple stream,
Tinctur'd by the solar beam;

In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,—
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live I'll lave my clay ;
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

[*Thunder heard*, L.

Don C. Hark, how distinct we hear the thunder through this vast body of earth and rock!—Rapino, is Calvette above, upon his post?

Rap. Yes.

Don C. Spado, 'tis your business to relieve the sentinel.

Spa. Relieve!—What's the matter with him?

Don C. Come, come—no jesting with duty—'tis your watch.

Spa. Let the wolves watch for me—my duty is to get supper ready. [*Thunder.*] Go up!—Odd's fire! do you think I am a salamander?—D'ye hear?

San. No sport, I fear.

Don C. Then call Calvette, lock down the trap-door, and get us some more wine from the cistern.

Spa. Wine!—Ay, captain ; and, this being a night of peace, we'll have a dish of olives.

San. No peace : we'll up and scour the forest presently.—But, well thought on : a rich old fellow, one Don Scipio, has lately come to reside in the castle on the skirts of the forest. What say you to plunder there?

Don C. Not to-night : I know my time—I have my reasons—I shall give command on that business. But where's the stranger we brought in at our last excursion?

Rap. He reposes in yonder recess.

Spa. Ay, egad! there he lies, with a face as innocent—[*Aside.*]—If my fellow-rooks would but fly off, I'd have the pigeon here within all to myself.

Enter CALVETTE *at the top of the winding stairs,* R. C *with a lantern.*

Cal. A booty!

San. Good news, cavaliers—here comes Calvette.

Cal. A booty!

San. What! where?

Cal. Soft—but one man.

San. But one man! Is he alone?

Cal. Quite.

Spa. One man, and alone—that's odd!

Cal. He seems in years, but his habit, as well as I could distinguish, speaks him noble. [*Descends*, L.

Don C. Then he'll fight. My arms!

Spa. Oh, he'll fight! Get my arms—[*Aside.*]—no, my legs will do for me.

San. Come, my carbine—quick!

Don C. To the attack of one man?—Paltry! Only you, Calvette, Sanguino, Rapino, and Spado, go; the rest prepare for our general excursion.

Spa. Captain, don't send me—indeed, I'm too rash.

Don. C. Come, come, leave buffoonery, and to your duty.

[*Exeunt Calvette and Rapino up the opening*, R. C.—*the rest go in at several recesses—Spado, the last, ascends slowly.*

Enter DON ALPHONSO, R. U. E.

Don A. I find myself somewhat refreshed by my slumber. At such a time to fall into the hands of these ruffians—how unlucky! I'm pent up here: my rival, Fernando, once my friend, reaches Don Scipio's castle, weds my charming Victoria, and I lose her for ever.—But if I could secure an interview, love should plead my cause.

AIR.—DON ALPHONSO.

The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.
To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Though the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival left at home.

Re-enter SPADO *down the stairs*, R. C.

Spa. [*Aside.*] Now for some talk with our prisoner here. Stay—are they all out of ear-shot? How the poor bird sings in its cage! I know more of his affairs

than he thinks of, by overhearing his conversation at the inn at Lorca.

Don A. [*Aside.*] How shall I escape from these rascals? Oh, here is one of the gentlemen. Pray, sir, may I take the liberty——

Spa. No liberty for you; yet, upon certain conditions, indeed——Suppose you become one of us. You'd make a devilish good thief.

Don A. Oh, sir!

Spa. Nay, I don't flatter you: and, by good luck, we have a vacancy, having lately lost one of our troop, a fine bold youth: he now hangs upon a gibbet, and you shall take his post.

Don A. Ay—upon the gibbet?

Spa. No—that's a very high post; though I don't doubt but in time that your merit and ingenuity may exalt you. Give me your hand.

Don A. [*Aside.*] Impudent scoundrel!

Spa. Signor, I wish to serve you, and serve you I will; but I must know the channel before I make for the coast; therefore, to examine you with the pious severity of a holy inquisitor, who the devil are you?

Don A. [*Aside.*] A pious adjuration, truly! Sir, my name is Alphonso, and I am son of a banker at Madrid.

Spa. [*Aside.*] Banker! Oh, I thought he sung like a young goldfinch!

Don A. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, by trusting this fellow, I may make my escape.

Spa. [*Aside.*] I'll convince him I know his secrets, and then I hold his purse-strings.

Don A. You won't betray me?

Spa. Honour among thieves.

Don A. Then you must know, when your gang attacked me yesterday evening——

Spa. You were posting full gallop to Don Scipio's castle, on the confines of the forest here.

Don A. Hey!—Then, perhaps, you know my passion for——

Spa. Donna Victoria, his daughter.

Don A. Then you know that she's contracted——

Spa. To your friend, Don Fernando de Zelva, who is now on his journey to the castle, and, to the destruction of your hopes, weds the lady on his arrival.

Don A. True, while I am pent up in this cursed cavern! But how you got my story, I——

Spa. No matter: I could let you out of this cursed cavern.

Don A. And will you?

Spa. Ah! our trap-door above requires a golden key.

Don A. Your comrades have not left me a piastre.

Spa. Will you give me an order on your father's bank for fifty pieces, and I'll let you out?

Don A. You shall have it.

Spa. A bargain. I'll secure your escape.

Enter DON CÆSAR *behind*, C.

Don C. How's this?

Spa. [*Aside.*] Zounds! the Captain Ramirez! Ay, you dog! I'll secure you from an escape! Do you think I'd set you at liberty without the captain's orders? [*In a seeming rage.*] Betray my trust for a bribe?—What the devil do you take me for? Oh, captain, I didn't see you.

Don C. What's the matter?

Spa. Nothing; only our prisoner here was mistaken in his man, that's all. Let you escape, indeed!

Don A. Here's a rascal!

Spa. Rascal! D'ye hear him? He has been abusing me this half-hour, because I would not convey him out without your knowledge. Oh, what offers did me make me! But my integrity is proof against Gallions, Escurials, Perus, and Mexicos.

Don C. Begone instantly to your comrades. [*Spado ascends*, R. C.] Signor, no occasion to tamper with my companions; you shall owe your liberty to none but me. I'll convey you to the cottage of the vines, belonging to the peasant Philippo, not far from Don Scipio's castle; there you may rest in safety to-night, and——

Don A. Ah, captain! no rest for me!

Don C. Look ye, signor: I am a ruffian, perhaps worse, but venture to trust me. A picklock may be used to get to a treasure: don't wish to know more of me than I now chuse to tell you; but if your mistress loves you as well as you seem to love her, to-morrow night she's yours.

Don A. My good friend!

Don C. Now for Philippo. I don't suppose you wish

to see any of our work above [*Laughing.*], ha, ha, ha! Well, well, I was once a lover, but now——

AIR.—DON CÆSAR.

On by the spur of valour goaded,
Pistols primed and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel;
While each spark,
Through the dark
Gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel?

Like serpents now, through thickets creeping,
Then on our prey, like lions, leaping.
Calvette to the onset leads us,—
Let the wand'ring trav'ller dread us;
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze.
[*Short thunder.*

Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
Each a free and roving blade,
Ours a free and roving trade,
To the onset let's away,
Valour calls, and we obey.
[*Exeunt,* C., *into the inner cave.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest—A stormy Night—Thunder—Lamps down.*

Enter DON FERNANDO, R.

Don F. [*Calling.*] Pedrillo! What a dreadful night, and horrid place to be benighted!—Pedrillo!—I fear I've lost my servant; but, by the pace I rode since I left Ecceija, Don Scipio's castle can't be very far distant. This was to have been my wedding night, if I arrived there.—[*Calling.*] Pedrillo! Pedrillo!

Ped. [*Without.*] Sir!

Don F. Where are you, sirrah?

Ped. Quite astray, sir.

Don F. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO, R. *groping his way.*

Ped. Any body's way, for I've lost my own.—Do you see me, sir?

Don F. No, indeed, Pedrillo! [*Lightning.*

Ped. You saw me then, sir. [*Thunder.*] Ah, this must frighten the mules; they'll break their bridles; I tied the poor beasts to a tree.

Don F. Well, we may find them in the morning, if they escape the banditti, which I am told infests this forest.

Ped. Banditti! [*A shot without*, L.] Ah, we are dead men!

Don F. Somebody in trouble.

Ped. No, somebody's troubles are over

Don F. Draw, and follow me, Pedrillo.

Ped. Lord, sir! ha'nt we troubles enough of our own?

Don F. Follow! Who can deny assistauce to his fellow-creature in distress? [*Draws—Exit*, L.

Ped. What fine creatures these gentlemen are! But for me, I am a poor, mean, rascally servant—so I'll e'en take my chance with the mules.

AIR.—PEDRILLO.

A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling,
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary, dun.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Galloping, dreary, dun;
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Galloping, dreary, dun;
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray,
With your, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our, &c. [*Pistol fired*, R.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
With my, &c. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*A thicker part of the Forest—Large Tree and Stone Cross—Lamps down.*

Enter DON SCIPIO, *attacked by* SANGUINO, RAPINO, *and* CALVETTE, L.

San. Now, Rapino, lop off his sword arm.

Don S. Forbear! There's my purse, you rascals! [*Throws it down.*

San. Fire!

Spado. [*Peeping from the large tree*, R. C.] No, don't fire!

San. I am wounded—hew him to pieces! [*Don Scipio is nearly overpowered.*

Enter DON FERNANDO, L.

Don F. Ha, what murderous ruffians! [*He engages the Banditti, and beats them off*, C.

Don S. Oh! I hav'nt fought so much these twenty years.

Spa. Eh, we have lost the field—cursed dark—though I think I could perceive but one man come to the relief of our old Don here.

Don S. But where are you, signor? Approach, my brave deliverer!

Spa. So, here's a victory, and nobody to claim it! I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel. [*Descends from the tree.*] I'll take the merit of this exploit—I may get something by it.

Don S. I long to thank, embrace, worship this gene rous stranger, as my guardian angel!

Spa. [*Aside*, R. C..] I may pass for this angel in the dark, so here goes. Hem!—Villains! Scoundrels! Robbers! to attack an old gentleman on the king's highway!—But I made the dogs scamper! [*Vapouring about.*

Don S. Oh, dear! this is my preserver!

Spa. Who's there? Oh, you are the worthy old gen tleman I rescued from these rascally banditti.

Don S. Noble, valiant stranger—I—

Spa. No thanks, signor, I have saved your life, and a good action rewards itself.

Don S. A gallant fellow, 'faith !—Eh, as well as I could distinguish in the dark, you looked much taller just now. [*Looking close at him.*

Spa. When I was fighting ? True, anger rises me ; I always appear six foot in a passion—besides, my hat and plume added to my height.

Don S. [*By accident treading on the purse.*] Hey, the rogues have run off without my purse, too.

Spa. [*Aside.*] O, ho !—What, I have saved your purse as well as your precious life !—Well, of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Don S. Poor ! Good friend, accept this purse, as a small token of my gratitude.

Spa. Nay, dear sir.

Don S. You shall take it !

Spa. Lord ! I am so awkward at taking a purse. [*Takes it.*

Don S. Hey, if I could find my cane, too—I dropped it somewhere hereabouts when I drew to defend myself. [*Looking about.*

Spa. [*Aside.*] Zounds ! I fancy here comes the real conqueror—no matter—I've got the spoils of the field. [*Chinks the purse, and retires*, c.

Don S. Ah, my amber-headed cane ! [*Still looking about.*

Re-enter DON FERNANDO, L.

Don F. The villains !

Don S. Ay, you made them fly like pigeons, my little game cock !

Don F. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attacked.—Not hurt, I hope, sir ?

Don S. No, I'm a tough old blade—Oh, gadso ! well thought on ;—feel if there's a ring on the purse—it's a relic of my deceased lady—it's with some regret I ask you to return it.

Don F. Return what, sir ?

Don S. A ring you'll find on the purse.

Don F. Ring, and purse ! Really, sir, I don't understand you.

Don S. Well, well, no matter.—[*Aside.*] A mercenary fellow !

Don F. [*Aside*] The old gentleman has been robbed, and is willing that I should reimburse his losses.

Don S. It grows lighter; I think I can distinguish the path I lost. Follow me, my hero, and—[*As going, suddenly turns, and looks steadfastly at Don Fernando.*] Zounds, signor, I hope you are not in a passion—but I think you look six feet high again!

Don F. [*Aside.*] A strange, mad old fellow this!

Don S. These rascals may rally, so come along to my castle, and my daughter Victoria shall welcome the preserver of her father.

Don F. Your daughter, Victoria! Then, perhaps, sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in-law?

Don S. Eh! Why, zounds, is it possible that you can be my expected son, Fernando?

Don F. The same, sir; and was on my journey to your castle when benighted in the forest here.

Don S. [*Embraces him.*] Oh, my dear boy! [*Aside.*] Damned mean of him to take my purse, though. Ah, Fernando, you were resolved to touch some of your wife's fortune beforehand.

Don F. Sir—I—

Don S. Hush! you have the money, and keep it—ay, and the ring too; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family. Hey,, it grows lighter—Come——

Don F. My rascal, Pedrillo, is fallen asleep somewhere.

Don S. No, we are not safe here—Come, then, my dear—brave—valiant—[*Aside.*] Cursed paltry to take my purse, though. [*Exeunt*, L.

Spa. [*Who had been listening, advances.*] So, then, our old gentleman is father to Victoria, my young banker Alphonso's mistress; and the other is Fernando, his dreaded rival—this is the first time they ever saw each other, too. He has a servant too, and his name Pedrillo. A thought strikes me—if I can but get to the castle before them, I'll raise a most delicious commotion. This ring will gain me a good reception, and I'll provide a whimsical reception for Don Scipio's son-in-law. In troubled waters I throw my fishing-hook. They are inviting me to supper [*Whistle without,* R.] Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm engaged.

[*Exit*, L.—*A distant whistle heard without*, R.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Don Scipio's Castle.*

Enter VICTORIA *and* CATILINA, R.

Cat. Nay, dear madam, do not submit to go into the nunnery.

Vic. Yes, Catilina, my father desires I shall take the veil—and a parent's voice is the call of Heaven!

Cat. Heaven! Well, though the fellows swear I'm an angel, this world is good enough for me. Dear ma'am, I wish I could but once see you in love.

Vic. Heigho! Catilina, I wonder what sort of gentleman this Don Fernando is, who is contracted to me, and hourly expected at the castle!

Cat. A beautiful man, I warrant! But, ma'am, you're not to have him.—Hush! Dame Isabel, not content with making your father, by slights and ill-usage, force your poor brother, Don Cæsar, to run about the world, in the Lord knows what wild courses, but she now has persuaded the old gentleman to pass her daughter on Don Fernando for you. There, yonder she is, flaunting, so be-jewelled, and be-plumed!—Well, if I was you, they might take my birthright—but my husband—take my man—the deuce shall take them first! Ah, no! if I ever do go to Heaven, I'll have a smart lad in my company. Send you to a nunnery!

Vic. Was my fond mother alive!—Catilina, my father will certainly marry this Dame Isabel, I'm now an alien to his affections; bereft of every joy and every hope, I shall quit the world without a sigh!

AIR—VICTORIA.

Ah, solitude, take my distress,
My griefs I'll unbosom to thee;
Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
Thy silence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng;
To soften my sorrows I sing,
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

[*Exit Victoria*, L.

Cat. I quit this castle as soon as ever Donna Victoria enters a nunnery. Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a nun.—Ay, I'll back to the vineyard; and if my sweetheart, Philippo, is as fond as ever, who

knows—I was his queen of all the girls, though the charming youth was the guitar, flute, fiddle, and hautboy of our village.

AIR—CATILINA.

Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
So blithe, so gay, so full of glee;
In all our village, who but he
To foot it up so featly—
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon
For every tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring
We nimbly danced, he'd play or sing
Of May the youth was chosen king,
He caught our ears so neatly.
Such music rare
In his guitar;
But touch his flute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For every tune
To kiss us round so sweetly. [*Exit*, R.

Enter VASQUEZ, *introducing* SPADO, L.

Vas. Who shall I say, sir?
Spa. Say that *I* am here.
Vas. What name, sir?
Spa. Say that *I* am here.
Vas. Don Fernando?
Spa. Only say that *I* am here.
Vas. Very well; I'll inform Dame Isabel, sir. Please to wait a moment. [*Exit*, R.
Spa. Sir!—This Dame Isabel is, it seems, supreme directress over his family, and, I am told, rules the roast here in the castle. Yes, yes, she's my mark. Hem!—Hey! why, this is the same widow lady that ran away with my old master in Italy. I can remember some anecdotes of her that do more credit to my memory than her reputation. I hope she won't recollect my face.—

Now for my story; but my scheme is up if I tell her a single truth. Ah! no fear of that. Oh, this way she moves.

Re-enter VASQUEZ *and* DAME ISABEL, R.

Isa. Don Scipio not returned! A foolish old man, rambling about at this time of night! Stay, Vasquez; where's this strange, ugly little fellow you said wanted to speak with me?

Vas. [*Confused.*] Madam, I did not say——

Spa. No matter, young man—hem! [*Exit Vasquez*, L.

Isa. Well, sir, pray who are you?

Spa. [*Bowing obsequiously.*] Madam, I have the honour to be confidential servant and secretary to Don Juan, father to Don Fernando de Zelva.

Isa. Don Fernando! Heavens! is he arrived?—[*Calling.*] Here, Vasquez! Lopez! Diego!

Spa. Hold, madam—he's not arrived. Most sagacious lady, please to lend your attention for a few moments to an affair of the highest importance to Don Scipio's family. My young master is coming——

Isa. Well, sir.

Spa. Incog.

Isa. Incog!

Spa. Madam, you shall hear. [*Aside.*] Now for a lie worth twenty pistoles. The morning before his departure, Don Fernando calls me into his closet, and, shutting the door, "Spado," says he, "you know this obstinate father of mine has engaged me to marry a lady I have never seen; and to-morrow, by his order, I set out for Don Scipio, her father's castle, for that purpose.—But," says he, striking his breast with one hand, twisting his mustaches with the other, and turning up his eyes, "if, when I see her, she don't hit my fancy, I'll not marry her, by the ——" I sha'nt mention his oath before you, madam.

Isa. No, pray don't, sir.

Spa. "Therefore," says he, "I design to dress Pedrillo, my arch dog of a valet, in a suit of my clothes, and he shall personate me at Don Scipio's castle, while I, in a livery, pass for him. If I like the lady, I resume my own character, and take her hand; if not, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo weds Donna Victoria, just to warn parental tyranny how it dares to clap up marriage without consulting our inclinations."

Isa. [*Aside.*] Here's a discovery! So, then, it's my poor child that must have fallen into this snare! [*To Spado.*] Well, good sir.

Spa. "And," continued he, "Spado, I appoin you my trusty spy in this Don Scipio's family. To cover our designs, let it be a secret that you belong to me, and I sha'nt seem even to know you. You'll easily get a footing in the family (says he), by imposing some lie or other upon a foolish woman, who, I'm told, is in the castle—Dame Isabel, I think they call her."

Isa. He shall find I am not so easily imposed upon.

Spa. I said so, madam: says I, a lady of Dame Isabel's wisdom must soon find me out was I to tell her a lie.

Isa. Ay, that I should, sir.

Re-enter VASQUEZ, L.

Vas. Oh, madam! my master is returned, and Don Fernando de Zelva with him. [*Exit*, L.

Isa. Don Fernando! Oh, then, this is the rascally valet; but I'll give him a welcome with a vengeance!

Spa. Hold, madam. Suppose, for a little sport, you seem to humour the deceit, only to see how the fellow acts his part: he'll play the gentleman very well, I'll warrant; the dog is an excellent mimic; for you must know, ma'am, this Pedrillo's mother was a gipsy, his father a merry-Andrew to a mountebank, and he himself five years trumpeter to a company of strolling players.

Isa. So, I was likely to have a hopeful son-in-law!—Good sir, we are eternally indebted to you for this timely notice of the imposition.

Spa. Madam, I've done the common duties of an honest man: I have been long in the family, and can't see my master making such a fool of himself, without endeavouring to prevent any mischance in consequence.

Isa. Dear sir, I beseech you, be at home under this roof; pray be free, and want for nothing the house affords.

Spa. [*Bowing.*] Good madam! [*Crossing to* R.—*Aside.*] I'll want for nothing I can lay my fingers on! [*Exit*, R.

Isa. Heavens! what an honest soul it is!—What a lucky discovery! Oh, here comes my darling girl!

Enter LORENZA, *magnificently dressed*, R.

Lor. Oh, cara madre! see—behold! Can I fail of captivating Don Fernando? Don't I look charming?

Isa. Why, Lorenza, I must say the toilet has done its duty. I'm glad to see you in such spirits, my dear child.

Lor. Spirits!—Ever gay, ever sprightly, cheerful as a lark! But how shall I forget my Florence lover, my dear Ramirez?

Isa. I request, my dear, you'll not think of this Ramirez: even from your own account of him he must be a person of most dissolute principles. Fortunately, he knows you only by your name of Lorenza; I hope he won't find you out here.

Lor. Then farewell, beloved Ramirez! In obedience to your commands, madam, I shall accept of this Don Fernando, and, as a husband, I will love him if I can

AIR.—LORENZA.

Love—gay illusion!
Pleasing delusion!
With sweet intrusion,
Possesses the mind.

Love with love meeting,
Passion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We trust to the wind.

Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often slighted
Will cease to be kind.

Re-enter VASQUEZ, L.

Vas. Madam, my master and Don Fernando.

Isa. Has Don Fernando a servant with him?

Vas. No, madam.

Isa. Oh, when he comes, take notice of him.

[*Exit Vasquez*, L.

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* DON FERNANDO, L.

Don S. Oh, my darling dame, and my delicate daughter! Bless your stars that you see poor old Scipio alive

again! Behold my son-in-law and the preserver of my life. Don Fernando, there's your spouse, and this is Donna Isabella, a lady of vast merit, of which my heart is sensible.

Don F. [*Saluting her.*] Madam!

Isa. [*Aside.*] What an impudent fellow!

Don S. Dear Fernando, you are as welcome to this castle as flattery to a lady. But there she is—bill and coo—embrace, caress her.

[*Fernando salutes Lorenza,* R. C.

Lor. [*Aside.*] If I had never seen Ramirez, I should think the man tolerable enough.

Don S. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha!—This shall be the happy night—eh, Dame Isabel?—By our agreement, before the lark sings, I take possession of this noble tenement.

Don F. Don Scipio, I hoped to have the honour of seeing your son.

Don S. My son!—Who—Cæsar? Oh, lord! he's—he was a—turned out a profligate—sent him to Italy—got into bad company—don't know what's become of him. My dear friend, if you would not offend me, never mention Don Cæsar in my hearing. [*Aside to Isabel.*] Egad! eh, my dainty dame, is not Don Fernando a fine fellow?

Isa. Yes, he's well enough for a Trumpeter.

Don S. [*With surprise.*] Trumpeter! What the devil do you mean by that? Oh, because I sound his praise. But, madam, he's a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour.

Isa. Don Scipio, a word if you please.

[*Takes him aside,* L. C.

Lor. [*To Don Fernando.*] Si—signor, our castle here is rather a gloomy mansion, when compared to the beautiful cassinos on the banks of the Arno.

Don F. Arno!—True: Don Scipio said in his letter that his daughter had been bred at Florence.

Lor. You have had an unpleasant journey, signor.

Don F. I have encountered some difficulties by the way, it is true, madam; but am amply repaid by the honour and happiness I now enjoy. [*Bows.*

Lor. Sir! [*Aside.*] I swear he's a polite cavalier!—Won't you please to sit, sir? I fancy you must be somewhat weary. [*They sit,* R. C.

Don S. [*Coming forward.*] What the devil!—Eh, sure!

What, this fellow only Don Fernando's footman! How. It can't be!

Isa. A fact; and presently you'll see Don Fernando himself in livery.

Don S. Look at the impudent son of a gipsy! Sat himself down! Zounds, I'll——

Isa. Hold!—Let him play off his airs.

Don S. A footman! Ay, this accounts for his behaviour in the forest: Don Fernando would never have accepted my purse. [*Crssses to* c., *and taps Fernando on the shoulder.*] Hey! what you've got there?

Don F. [*Rising.*] Will you please to sit, sir?

Don S. [*Aside.*] Yes, he looks like a trumpeter!—[*With contempt.*] You may sit down, friend.

Don F. [*Aside.*] A strange old gentleman!

Enter VASQUEZ, L.

Vas. Sir, your servant Pedrillo is arrived. [*Exit,* L.

Isa. Servant Pedrillo! [*Aside, joyfully to Don Scipio.*] Ay, this is Fernando himself.

Don F. Oh, then, the fellow has found his way at last. Don Scipio—ladies—excuse me a moment.

[*Exit,* R.

Lor. What a charming fellow!

Don S. What an impudent rascal!

Pedrillo. [*Without.*] Is my master this way?

Don S. Master!—Ay, this is Fernando.

Enter PEDRILLO, *with a portmanteau,* L.

Ped. Oh, dear! I've got among the gentlefolks! I ask pardon.

Isa. How well he does look and act the servant!

Don S. Admirable; yet I perceive the grandee under the livery.

Isa. [*With great respect.*] Please to sit, sir.

Lor. A livery-servant sit down by me!

Don S. [*Ceremoniously.*] Pray sit down, sir.

Ped. [*Sits.*] Sit down! [*Aside.*] Oh, these must be the upper servants of the family: her ladyship here is the housekeeper, I suppose; the young tawdry tit, lady's maid (hey! her mistress throws off good clothes!); and old Whiskers, Don Scipio's butler.

Enter DON FERNANDO, R.

Don F. Pedrillo! — How! — Seated! What means this disrespect?

Ped. [*Rising to him.*] Sir, old Whiskers, the butler there, asked me to sit down by Signora, the waiting-maid here.

Don F. Sirrah!

Ped. Yes, sir.

Don S. [*Aside.*] Sir and sirrah!—How rarely they act their parts! I'll give them an item, though, that I understand the plot of their comedy.

QUINTETTO.

Don S. Signor,
[*To Ped.*] Your wits must be keener,
Our prudence to elude;
Your fine plot,
Though so pat,
Will do you little good.
Ped. My fine plot!
I'm a sot,
If I know what
These gentlefolks are at!
Don F. Past the perils of the night,
Tempests, darkness, rude alarms;
Phœbus rises clear and bright
In the lustre of your charms.
Lor. Oh! charming, I declare!
So polite a cavalier!
He understands the duty
And homage due to beauty!
Don S. Bravo! O bravissimo!
Lor. Caro! O carissimo!
How sweet his honey words!
How noble is his mien!
Don S. Fine feathers make fine birds:
The footman's to be seen.
But both deserve a basting.
Ped. Since morning I've been fasting.
Don S. Yet I could laugh for anger.
Ped. Oh, I could cry for hunger!
Don S. I could laugh.
Ped. I could cry.
Don S. I could quaff.
Ped. So could I.
Don F. Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a fit.
Ped. Oh! I could pick a little bit.

Don S. Ha! ha! ha!
Ped. Oh! oh! oh!
Lor. A very pleasant party!
Don F. A whimsical reception!
Don S. A whimsical deception!
But master and man, accept a welcome hearty.
Don F. } Accept our thanks sincere, for such a welcome
Ped. } hearty.

Situation of the Characters when the Scene closes.

DON FER. LORENZA. DON SCIPIO. PEDRILLO. ISABELLA.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Antique Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter DON CÆSAR, *with precaution*, R. S. E.

Don C. Thus far I've got into the castle unperceived. I'm certain Sanguino means the old gentleman a mischief, which nature bids me endeavour to prevent. I saw the rascal slip in at the postern below; but where can he have got to?

[*A sliding pannel opens in the wainscot*, R. F.

Enter SANGUINO, *at the pannel*, D. F.

Yes, yonder he issues, like a rat or a spider.—How now, Sanguino?

San. Captain Ramirez

Don C. On enterprise without my knowledge! What's your business here?

San. Revenge! Look—[*Shows a stiletto.*] If I meet Don Scipio——

Don C. A stiletto! I command you to quit your purpose.

San. What, no satisfaction for my wound last night, and lose my booty too?

Don C. Your wound was chance.—Put up—we shall have noble booty here, and that's our business. But you seem to know your ground here, Sanguino.

San. I was formerly Master of the Horse to Count D'Olivi, the last resident here, so am well acquainted with the galleries, lobbies, windings, turnings, and every secret lurking-place in the castle.

Don C. I missed Spado at the muster this morning—did he quit the cave with you?

Spa. [*Without,* R.] As sure as I'm alive it's fact, sir.

Don C. Isn't that Spado's voice?

San. Impossible!

Don C. Hush!

[*They retire—Don Cæsar,* R., *Sanguino,* L.

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* SPADO, R.

Don S. Yes, I've heard of such places; but you say you've been in the cave where these ruffian banditti live?

Spa. Most certainly, sir; for after having robbed me of five hundred doubloons, the wicked rogues barbarously stripped, and tied me neck and heels, threw me across a mule, like a sack of corn, and led me blindfold to their cursed cavern.

Don S. Ah, poor fellow!

Spa. There, sir, in this skulking hole, the villains live, and dart out upon the innocent traveller like beasts of prey.

Don S. Oh, the tigers! Just so they fastened upon me last night, but your sham Fernando and I made them run like hares; I gave him my purse for his trouble.

Spa. And he took it! What a mean fellow! You ought not to have ventured out unarmed.—I always take a blunderbuss when I go upon the road—the rascal banditti are most infernal cowards.

Don S. What a glorious thing to deliver these reprobates into the hands of justice!

Spa. Ah, sir, 'twould be a blessed affair—Oh, I'd hang them up, like mad dogs!

Don S. Well, you say you know the cave?

Spa. Yes, yes, I slipped the handkerchief from my eyes, and took a peep—made particular observations of the spot; so get a strong guard, and I'll lead you to the very trap-door of their den

Don S. Egad, then we'll surprise them; and you'll have the prayers of the whole country, my honest friend.

Spa. Heav'n knows, sir, I have no motives for this

discovery but the public good, so I expect the country will order me a hundred pistoles, as a reward for my honesty.

Don C. [*Apart, to Sanguino.*] Here's a pretty dog!

San. [*Apart to Don Cæsar.*] Ay, ay, he han't long to live!

Don S. An hundred pistoles!

Spa. Sir, I have an eye upon their captain, as they call him; he's the most abandoned, impudent, profligate —[*Suddenly turning, sees Don Cæsar, who shows a pistol.*]—Captain, did I say? [*Terrified.*] Oh, no, the captain's a very worthy, good-natured fellow! I meant a scoundrel, who thinks he ought to be captain—one Sanguino—the most daring, wicked, and bloody villain that—[*Turning the other way, perceives Sanguino with a pistol,*]—but, indeed, I found Sanguino an honest, good-natured fellow too—— [*With increased terror.*

Don S. Hey, a bloody, wicked, honest, good-natured fellow! What is all this?

Spa. Yes; then, sir, I thought I saw these two gentlemen, and at that instant, I thought they looked so terrible—that with the fright I awoke!

Don S. Awoke! what the devil, then, is all this but a dream you have been telling me?

Spa. Ay, sir, and the most frightful dream I ever had in my life. I'm at this instant frightened out of my wits.

Don S. You do look frightened, indeed, poor man! I thought this cave was——

Spa. Don't mention cave, or I faint!—Heigho!

Enter VASQUEZ, R.

Vas. Dame Isabel wants to speak with you, sir.

[*Exit*, R.

Don S. [*Crossing to* R.] I'll wait on her.

Spa. Yes, I'll wait on her. [*Going hastily.*

Don S. You! She don't want you.

Spa. Dear sir, she can't do without me at this time. [*Exit Don Scipio*, R.] I come. [*Going.*

Don C. [*Puts him back.*] No, you stay.

Spa. [*Affecting surprise and joy.*] Ah, my dear captain! What, my little Sanguino too! Who could have thought of your finding me out here?

Don C. [*Significantly.*] Yes, you are found out.

Spa. Such discoveries as I have made in the castle!

Don C. You're to make discoveries in the forest too.

San. Our cave!

Spa. Oh, you overheard that!—Didn't I hum the old fellow finely? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

San. And for your reward, traitor, take this to your heart! [*Offers to stab him.*

Don C. Hold, Sanguino!

Spa. Nay, my dear Sanguino, stay! What the devil—so, here I can't run a jest upon a silly old man, but I must be run through with a stiletto!

Don C. Come, Spado, confess what really brought you here.

Spa. Business, my dear sir, business; all in our own way too; for I designed to let every man of you into the castle this very night, when all the family are in bed—and plunders the word! Oh, such a delicious booty! Pyramids of plate, bags of gold, and little chests of diamonds!

San. Indeed!

Spa. Sanguino, look at that closet.

San. Well!

Spa. A glorious prize!

San. Indeed!

Spa. Six chests of massy plate! Look, only look into that closet; wait here a moment, and I'll fetch a master-key that shall open every one of them.

Don C. Hey! Let's see those chests.

San. Massy plate! Quick, quick! the master-key.

Spa. I'll fetch it.

San. Do—but make haste, Spado.

Spa. I will, my dear boy. [*Exeunt Sanguino and Don Cæsar,* L.] My good—honest—[*Aside.*] Oh, you two thieves! [*Exit,* R.

Enter DON SCIPIO, L.

Don S. Now, Spado, I—Hey! where is my little dreamer?—But why is this door open? This closet contains many valuables. Why will they leave it open? Let's see— [*Goes into the closet.*

Re-enter SPADO *with a portmanteau,* R.

Spa. [*Entering.*] I have no key.—However, I have stolen Don Fernando's portmanteau as a peace-offering for these two rascals! Are you there? What a pity the coming of my fellow-rogues! I should have had the whole castle to myself. Oh, what a charming seat of

work for a man of my industry. [*Speaking at the closet door.*] You find the chests there—you may convey them out at night; and as for cutting Don Scipio's throat—that I leave to——

Re-enter DON SCIPIO *from the closet.*

Don S. Cut my throat! What, are you at your dreams again?

Spa. [*Aside.*] Oh, zounds! Yes, sir, as I was telling you.

Don S. Of a little fellow, you have the worst dreams I ever heard.

Spa. Shocking, sir!—Then I thought——

Don S. Hold, hold! let me hear no more of your cursed dreams.

Spa. [*Aside.*] I've got off—thanks to his credulity.

Don S. What portmanteau's that?

Spa. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I'm on again!

Don S. Fernando's, I think.

Spa. [*Affecting surprise.*] What, my master's! Egad, so it is. But I wonder who could have brought it here! Ay, ay, my fellow-servant, Pedrillo, is now too grand to mind his business; and my master, I find, though he has taken the habit, scorns the office of a servant. So I must look after the things myself.

Don S. Ay, ay, take care of them.

Spa. Yes, sir, I'll take care of them!

Don S. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! what a strange, whimsical fellow this master of yours—with his plots and disguises. Think to impose upon me too! But I think I'm far from a fool.

Spa. [*Looking archly at him,*] That's more than I am.

Don S. So, he pretends not to know you, though he has sent you here as a spy, to see what you can pick up?

Spa. [*Takes up the portmanteau.*] Yes, sir, I came here to see what I can pick up.

Don S. What an honest servant! He has an eye to every thing! [*Exit Don Scipio,* L.

Spa. But before I turn honest, I must get somewhat to keep me so.

AIR—SPADO.

In the forest here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,

Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
When I bid a traveller stand;
Zounds, deliver up your cash,
Or straight I'll pop and slash,—
All amongst the leaves so green, O!
Damme, sir,
If you stir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green, O!

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonnaire,
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair?
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiss her, and all that—
All amongst the leaves so green, O!
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why so coy,
Let us toy;
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green, O!

But ere old, and gray my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate:
With my nimbleness of thumbs,
I'll soon butter all my crumbs;
When I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All amongst the leaves so green, O!
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,
Snatch the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongs the leaves so green, O! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle—Table and two Chairs.*

Enter DON FERNANDO, L.

Don F. A wild scheme of my father's, to think of an alliance with this mad family; yes, Don Scipio's brain is certainly touched beyond cure. His daughter, my cara sposa of Italy, don't suit my idea of what a wife should be. No, the lovely novice, this poor relative of Dame Isabel, has caught my heart. I'm told, to-morrow she's to be immured in a convent! What, if I ask Dame Isabel if——but she, and, indeed, Don Scipio, carry themselves very strangely towards me——I can't imagine what's become of my rascal, Pedrillo. [*Goes up*, L.

Enter PEDRILLO, *in an elegant morning-gown, cap, and slippers*, R.

Ped. Strange, the respect I meet in this family. I hope we don't take horse after my master's wedding. I should like to marry here myself,—before I unrobe, I'll attack one of the maids!—Faith, a very modish dress to go courting in,—hide my livery, and I am quite gallant.

Don F. Oh, here's a gentleman I han't seen before!

Ped. Tol de rol!

Don F. Pray, sir, may I—Pedrillo! [*Surprised.*] where have you—hey! what, ha! ha! ha! what's the matter with you?

Ped. Matter!—Why, sir, I don't know how it was, but somehow or other, last night, I happened to sit down to a supper of only twelve covers, cracked two bottles of choice wine, slept in an embroidered bed, where I sunk in down, and lay till this morning like a diamond in cotton. So, indeed, sir, I don't know what's the matter with me.

Don F. I can't imagine how, or what, it all means.

Ped. Why, sir, Don Scipio, being a gentleman of discernment, perceives my worth, and values it.

Don F. Then, sir, if you are a gentleman of such prodigious merit, be so obliging, with submission to your cap and gown, as to—pull off my boots.

Enter VASQUEZ, R.

Vas. [*To Pedrillo, with great respect.*] Sir, the ladies wait breakfast for you

Don F. My respects, I attend them.

Vas. You! I mean his honour here.

Ped. Oh, you mean my honour here.

Don F. Well, but perhaps, my good friend, I may like a dish of chocolate as well as his honour here.

Vas. [*With a sneer.*] Chocolate, [*Laughing.*] ha! ha! ha!

Ped. [*Laughing.*] Chocolate, ha! ha! ha!

Don F. [*Laughing.*] I'll teach you to laugh, sirrah!

[*Beats Pedrillo,* R.

Ped. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good master, but you've a very bad method. But, hey for chocolate and the ladies. [*Exeunt Pedrillo and Vasquez,* R.

Don F. Don Scipio shall render me an account for this treatment; bear his contempt, and become the butt for the jests of his insolent servants! As I don't like his daughter, I have now a fair excuse, and indeed a just cause to break my contract, and quit his castle; but then I leave behind the mistress of my soul. Suppose I make her a tender of my heart—but that might offend, as she must know my hand is engaged to another When I looked, she turned her lovely eyes averted.—Doom'd to a nunnery!

AIR.—DON FERNANDO.

My fair one, like the blushing rose,
Can sweets to every sense disclose:
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.

With sighs each grace and charm I see
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
When all those blooming beauties fade.

Hey, who comes here? this is the smart little girl who seems so much attached to the beautiful novice—no harm to speak with her—

Enter CATALINA, R.

So, my pretty primrose!

Cat. How do you do, Mr.—[*Pert and familiar.*] I don't know your name.

Don F. Not know my name! You must know who I am though, and my business here, child?

Cat. Lord, man, what signifies your going about to

sift me, when the whole family knows you're Don Fernando's footman.

Don F. Am I, faith? [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—[*Aside.*] I'll humour this. Well, then, my dear, you know that I am only Don Fernando's footman?

Cat Yes, yes, we know that, notwithstanding your fine clothes.

Don F. But where's my master?

Cat. Don Fernando! he's parading the gallery yonder, in his sham livery and morning-gown.

Don F. Oh, this accounts for twelve covers at supper, and the embroider'd bed: but who could have set such a jest going? [*Aside.*] I'll carry it on, though. So then, after all, I am known here?

Cat. Ay, and if all the impostors in the castle were as well known, we should have no wedding to-morrow night.

Don F. [*Aside.*] Something else will out. I'll seem to be in the secret, and perhaps may come at it.—Ay, ay, that piece of deceit is worse than ours.

Cat. That! what then you know that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Isabel's, and her true name Lorenza?

Don F. [*Aside.*] Here's a discovery. O yes, I know that.

Cat. You do? Perhaps you know, too, that the young lady you saw me speak with just now is the real Donna Victoria?

Don F. [*Aside.*] Is it possible! Here's a piece of villainy! Charming! let me kiss you, my dear girl.

[*Kisses her.*

Cat. Lord! he's a delightful man!

Don F. My little angel, a thousand thanks for this precious discovery.

Cat. Discovery!—Well, if you did not know it before, marry hang your assurance, I say—but I must about my business, can't play the lady as you played the gentleman, I've something else to do; so I desire you won't keep kissing me here all day. [*Exit*, L.

Don F. Why, what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful, too—but I scorn to think of the services I rendered him last night in the forest, a false friend to my father, an unnatural parent to his amiable daughter! here my charmer comes. [*Retires*, L.

Enter VICTORIA, R.

Vic. Yes, Catalina must be mistaken, it is impossible he can be the servant,—no, no; that dignity of deportment, and native elegance of manner, can never be assumed; yonder he walks, and my fluttering heart tells me, this is really the amiable Fernando, that I must resign to Dame Isabel's daughter.

Don F. [*Coming forward.*] Stay, lovely Victoria!

Vic. Did you call me, sir?—Heavens, what have I said! [*Confused.*] I mean, signor, would you wish to speak with Donna Victoria? I'll inform her, sir.

[*Going*, R.

Don F. Oh, I could speak to her for ever, for ever gaze upon her charms, thus transfixed with wonder and delight.

Vic. Pray, signor, suffer me to withdraw.

Don F. For worlds I would not offend; but think not, lady, 'tis the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration.

Vic. Nay, signor.

Don F. I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injustice and oppression; therefore I acknowledge to you, and you alone, that, whatever you may have heard to the contrary, I really am Fernando de Zelva.

Vic. Signor, how you became acquainted with the secret of my birth I know not; but from an acquaint ance so recent, your compliment I receive as a mode of polite gallantry without a purpose.

Don F. What your modesty regards as cold compliments, are sentiments warm with the dearest purpose: I came hither to ratify a contract with Don Scipio's daughter; you are she, the beautiful Victoria, destined for the happy Fernando.

Vic. Pray rise, signor;—my father, perhaps, even to himself cannot justify his conduct to me: but to censure that, or to pervert his intentions, would, in me, be a breach of filial duty.

AIR.—VICTORIA.

By woes thus surrounded, how vain the gay smile
Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile!
Though skilful, he misses, his aim it is cross'd
His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.

Your love though sincere, on the object you lose
[*Aside.* How sweet is the passion! Ah, must I refuse?
If filial affection that passion should sway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

Don F. And do you, can you, wish me to espouse Donna Lorenza, Isabella's daughter?—Say you do not, do but satisfy me so far.

Vic. Signor, do not despise me if I own, that, before I saw in you the husband of Don Scipio's daughter, I did not once regret that I had lost that title.

Don F. A thousand thanks for this generous, this amiable condescension. Oh, my Victoria! if fortune but favours my design, you shall yet triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Vic. Yonder is Dame Isabel; if she sees you speaking to me, she'll be early to frustrate whatever you may purpose for my advantage. Signor, farewell!

Don F. My life, my love, adieu.

DUET.—VICTORIA *and* FERNANDO.

Don F. So faithful to my fair I'll prove,
Vic. So kind and constant to my love,
Don F. I'd never range,
Vic. I'd never change,
Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith shall move.

Vic. No ruby clusters grace the vine,
Don F. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,
Vic. Sweet flowers to spring,
Don F. Gay birds to sing,
Both. Those hearts than part that love shall join.

[*Exit Victoria,* R.

Don F. This is fortunate; the whole family, except Victoria, are firmly possessed with the idea, that I am but the servant. Well, since they will have me an impostor, they shall find me one; in Heaven's name, let them conntiue in their mistake, and bestow their mock Victoria upon my sham Fernando. I shall have a pleasant and just revenge for their perfidy; and, perhaps, obtain Don Scipio's real, lovely daughter, the sum of my wishes. Here comes Don Scipio. Now to begin my operations.

Enter DON SCIPIO, R.

Don F. [*As wishing Don Scipio to overhear him.*] I'm

weary of playing the gentleman—I long to get into my livery again.

Don S. [*Aside.*] Get into his livery!

Don F. These clothes fall to my share, however; my master will never wear them after me.

Don S. [*Aside.*] His master! ay, ay.

Don F. I wish he'd own himself, for I'm certain Don Scipio suspects who I am.

Don S. [*Advancing to him.*] Suspect! I know who you are, so get into your livery again as fast as you can.

Don F. Ha, my dear friend, Don Scipio, I was—

Don S. Friend! you impudent rascal! I'll break your head, if you make so free with me. None of your swaggering, sirrah. How the fellow acts! it wasn't for nothing he was among the strolling players; but, hark ye, my lad, be quiet, for you're blown here, without the help of your trumpet.

Don F. Lord, your honour, how came you to know that I am Pedrillo?

Don S. Why, I was told of it by your fellow—[*Aside.*] hold, I must not betray my little dreamer, though—No matter who told me; I—but here comes your master.

Don F. [*Aside.*] Pedrillo! The fellow will spoil all; I wish I had given him his lesson before I began with Don Scipio.

Don S. I hope he'll now have done with his gambols.

Don F. Sir, my master is such an obstinate gentleman, as sure as you stand here, he'll still deny himself to be Don Fernando.

Don S. Will he? then I'll write his father an account of his vagaries.

Enter PEDRILLO, R.

Ped. (R.) Master, shall I shave you this morning?

Don S. (C.) Shave! Oh, my dear sir, 'tis time to give over your tricks and fancies.

Ped. [*Surprised.*] My tricks and fancies!

Don F. (L.) Yes, sir, you are found out.

Ped. I am found out!

Don S. So you may as well confess.

Ped. What the devil shall I confess?

Don S. He still persists! Hark ye, young gentleman, I'll send your father an account of your pranks, and he'll trim your jacket for you

Ped. Nay, sir, for the matter of that, my father could trim your jacket for you.

Don S. Trim my jacket, young gentleman!

Ped. Why, he's the best tailor in Cordova!

Don S. His father's a tailor in Cordova!

Don F. [*Aside.*] Ay, he'll ruin all. Let me speak to him. [*Apart to Pedrillo.*] Tell Don Scipio you are the master.

Ped. I will, sir. Don Scipio, you are the master.

Don S. What!

Don F. [*Apart to Pedrillo.*] Stupid dog!—Say you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will. Sir, you are Fernando and I am Pedrillo.

Don F. [*Aside.*] Dull rogue! [*Apart to Don Scipio.*] I told you, sir, he'd persist in it.

Don S. Yes, I see it; but I tell you what, Don Fernando. [*Lorenza sings without*, R.] My daughter! Zounds! don't let your mistress see you any more in this cursed livery. Look at the gentleman, hold up your head—egad, Pedrillo's acting was better than your natural manner.

Don F. Ay, sir, if you were to see my master dressed—the livery makes such an alteration.

Don S. True! curse the livery.

Ped. It's bad enough but my master gives new liveries on his marriage.

Don F. [*Aside.*] An insensible scoundrel!

Enter LORENZA, R.

Lor. Oh, caro Signor, every body says that you are [*To Don Fernando.*] not Don Fernando.

Don S. [*To Pedrillo.*] Every body's right, for here he stands, like a young tailor of Cordova.

Lor. [*To Don Fernando.*] Oh, what! then this is Pedrillo?

Don F. [*Bowing.*] At your service, madam.

Ped. That Pedrillo! then, who the devil am I?

Don F. [*Apart to Pedrillo.*] Here, rogue, this purse is yours—say you are Don Fernando.

Ped. Oh, sir—now I understand you. True, Don Scipio, I am all that he says.

Don S. Hey! Now that's right and sensible, and like yourself; but I'll go bustle about our business, for we'll have all our love affairs settled this evening.

[*Exeunt Don Scipio and Don Fernando*, L.

Lor. So then, you're to be my husband, [*Laughing.*] ha! ha! ha!

Ped. Eh!

Lor. Well, if not, I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR.—LORENZA

If I my heart surrender,
Be ever fond and tender,
And sweet connubial joys shall crown
Each soft rosy hour:
In pure delight each heart shall own
Love's triumphant pow'r
See brilliant belles admiring,
See splendid beaux desiring,
All for a smile expiring,
Where'er Lorenza moves.
To balls and routes resorting,
O bliss supreme, transporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone, that loves.

If I my heart surrender, &c.

[*Exeunt Pedrillo*, L., *Lorenza*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A grand Saloon.*

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* VASQUEZ, L.

Don S. D'ye hear, Vasquez, run to Father Benedict, tell him to wipe his chin, go to the chapel, put on his spectacles, open his breviary,—find out matrimony, and wait till we come to him—[*Exit Vasquez*, R.] Then, hey, for a brace of weddings!

AIR.—DON SCIPIO.

Then hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year!
With skin as white as snow,
And hair as brown as a berry!
With eyes as black as a sloe,
And lips as red as a cherry;

Sing rory tory,
Dancing, prancing
Laugh and lie dow is the play,
We'll fondle together,
In spite of the weather
And kiss the cold winter away

Laugh while you live;
For, as life is a jest,
Who laughs the most
Is sure to live best.
When I was not so old,
I frolick'd among the misses;
And when they thought me too bold,
I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
Sing rory, tory, &c.

I wonder is Don Fernando dressed? Oh, here comes the servant in his proper habiliments.

Enter DON FERNANDO, *in a livery*, L.

Ay, now, my lad, you look something like.

Don F. Yes, your honour, I was quite sick of my grandeur. [*Aside.*] My passing so well in this disguise gives me a very humble opinion of myself.

Don S. But, Pedrillo, is your master equipped?—Faith, I long to see him in his proper garb.

Don F. Why, no, sir; we're a little behind hand with our finery, on account of a portmanteau of clothes that's mislaid somewhere or other.

Don S. Portmanteau! Oh, it's safe enough: your fellow-servant has it.

Don F. Fellow-servant!

Don S. Ay, the little spy has taken it in charge. Oh, here comes the very beagle.

Enter SPADO, L.

Well, my little dreamer, look: Pedrillo has got into his own clothes again.

Spa. [*Surprised, and aside.*] Don Fernando in a livery!—Or is this really a servant?—Zounds! sure I han't been telling truth all this while? We must face it, though. [*To Don Fernando.*] Ah, my dear old friend! Glad to see you yourself again. [*Shakes hands.*

Don F. My dear boy, I thank you! [*Aside.*] So, here's an old friend I never saw before!

Don S. [*To Spado.*] Tell Pedrillo where you have left your master's portmanteau, while I go lead him in triumph to his bride. [*Crosses and exit*, L.

Don F. Pray, my good, new, old friend, where has your care deposited this portmanteau?

Spa. [*Looking after Don Scipio.*] Gone

Don F. The portmanteau gone!

Spa. Ay, his senses are quite gone.

Don F. Where's the portmanteau that Don Scipio says you took charge of?

Spa. Portmanteau!—Ah, the dear gentleman!—Portmanteau did he say?—Yes, yes—all's over with his poor brain. Yesterday his head run upon purses, and trumpeters, and the lord knows what; and to-day he talks of dreamers, spies, and portmanteaus. Yes, yes, his wits are going!

Don F. It must be so: he talked to me last night and to-day of I know not what, in a strange, incoherent style.

Spa. Grief—all grief!

Don F. If so, this whim of my being Pedrillo is, perhaps, the creation of his own brain. But then, how could it have run through the whole family? This is the first time I ever heard Don Scipio was disordered in his mind.

Spa. Ay, we'd all wish to conceal it from your master, lest it might induce him to break off the match; for I don't suppose he'd be very ready to marry into a mad family.

Don F. And, pray, what are you, sir, in this mad family?

Spa. Don Scipio's own gentleman, these ten years; yet you heard him just now call me your fellow-servant. How you did stare when I accosted you as an old acquaintance! But we always humour him: I should not have contradicted him if he said I was the pope's nuncio.

Don F. [*Aside.*] Oh, then, I don't wonder at Dame Isabel taking advantage of his weakness.

Spa. Another new whim of his—he has taken a fancy that everybody has got a ring from him, which he imagines belonged to his deceased lady.

Don F. True; he asked me something about a ring.

Don Scipio. [*Without*, L.] I'll wait on you presently.

Re-enter DON SCIPIO, L.

Don S. Ha, Pedrillo, now your disguises are over, return me the ring.

Spa. [*Aside to Don Fernando.*] You see he's at the ring again.

Don S. Come, let me have it, lad; I'll give you a better thing; but that ring belonged to my deceased lady.

Spa. [*Aside to Don Fernando.*] His deceased lady—ay, there's the touch!

Don F. [*Aside.*] Poor gentleman!

Don S. Do let me have it. Zounds! here's five pistoles, and the gold of the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spa. [*Aside to Don Fernando, giving him a ring.*] We always humour him. Give him this ring, and take the money.

Don F. [*Presenting the ring to Don Scipio.*] There, sir.

Don S. [*Giving money.*] And there, sir. [*Aside.*] Oh, you mercenary rascal!

Spa. [*Aside to Don Fernando, taking the money from him.*] Give me the cash—I must account for his pocket-money.

Pedrillo. [*Without*, R.] Pedrillo! Pedrillo! sirrah!

Don S. Run—don't you hear your master, you brace of rascals? Fly! [*Exit Spado*, R.—*Don Scipio looks off*, R.] What an alteration!

Enter PEDRILLO, *richly dressed*, R.

Ped. [*With great authority, to Don Fernando.*] How now, sirrah! loitering here, and leave me to dress myself, hey?

Don F. [*With humility.*] Sir, I was——

Ped. Was! and are, and will be, a lounging rascal! But you fancy you are still in your finery, you idle vagabond!

Don S. [*Aside.*] Bless me! Don Fernando is very passionate, just like his father!

Don F. [*Aside.*] The fellow, I see, will play his part to the top.

Ped. Well, Don Scipio—a hey!—an't I the man for the ladies? [*Strutting.*] I am, for I have studied Ovid's Art of Love.

Don S. Yes, and Ovid's Metamorphoses, too [*Laughing.*] ha, ha, ha!

Ped. [*Aside, laughing.*] He, he, he! What a sneaking figure my poor master cuts! Egad! I'll pay him back all his domineering over me. Pedrillo!

Don F. Your honour.

Ped. [*Giving a box.*] Fill this box with Naquatoch.

Don F. Yes, sir. [*Going,* R.

Ped. Pedrillo

Don F. Sir.

Ped. Perfume my handkerchief.

Don F. Yes, sir. [*Going,* R.

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don F. Sir.

Ped. Get me a toothpick.

Don F. Yes, sir. [*Going,* R.

Ped. Pedrillo!

Don F. [*Aside.*] What an impudent dog! Sir.

Ped. Nothing—abscond!

Don F. [*Aside.*] If this be my picture, I blush for the original!

Ped. (C.) [*Aside to Don Fernando.*] Master, to be like you, do let me give you one kick.

Don F. What!

Ped. Why, I won't hurt you much.

Don F. I'll break your bones, you villain!

Ped. Ahem!—Tol de rol!

Don S. (L.) Pedrillo!

Ped. [*Forgetting himself.*] Sir.

Don F. [*Aside to Pedrillo.*] What are you at, you rascal?

Ped. Ay, what are you at, you rascal? Avoid!

Don F. I'm gone, sir. [*Exit,* R.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Cursed ill-natured of him not to let me give him one kick!

Don S. Don Fernando, I like you vastly.

Ped. So you ought.—Tol de rol! [*Aside.*] Who could now suspect me to be the son of a tailor, and that, four hours ago, I was a footman? Tol de rol!

Don S. Son-in-law, you're a flaming beau! Egad! you have a princely person!

Ped. All the young girls, whenever I got behind—inside of a coach—all the ladies of distinction, whether they were making their beds, or dressing the—dressing themselves at the toilette, would run to the windows,

peep through their fingers—their fans, I mean, simper behind their handkerchiefs, and lisp out in the softest, sweetest tones, "Oh, dear me! upon my honour and reputation, there is not such a beautiful gentleman in the world as this same Don Pedril—Fernando!"

Don S. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—Can't forget Pedrillo! But come, ha' done with your Pedrillos now—be yourself, son-in-law.

Ped. Yes, I will be yourself, son-in-law—you are sure of that honour, Don Scipio. But, pray, what fortune am I to have with your daughter? You are a gray-headed old fellow, Don Scipio, and, by the course of nature, you know, you cannot live long.

Don S. Pardon me, sir, I don't know any such thing.

Ped. So, when we put a stone upon your head——

Don S. Put a stone upon my head!

Ped. Yes; when you are settled—screwed down, I shall have your daughter to maintain, you know.

Don S. [*Aside.*] A narrow-minded spark!

Ped. Not that I would think much of that, I am so generous.

Don S. [*Aside.*] Yes, generous as a Dutch usurer!

Ped. The truth is, Don Scipio, I was always a smart young gentleman. [*Dances and sings.*] D'ye hear, Don Scipio, let us have a plentiful feast.

Don S. Was ever such a conceited, empty, impudent—— [*Exit*, L.

Ped. Yes, I'm a capital fellow [*Laughing.*], ha, ha! So, my fool of a master sets his wits to work after a poor girl, that, I am told, they are packing into a convent, and he dresses me up as himself, to carry the rich Italian heiress, Donna Victoria. Well, I'm not a capital fellow, but I was made for a gentleman—gentleman! I'm the neat pattern for a lord. I have a little honour about me—a bit of love, too—ay, and a scrap of courage, perhaps. Hem! I wish I'd a rival to try it, though! Odd! I think I could fight at any weapon, from a needle to a hatchet!

Enter PHILLIPPO, *with a letter and basket*, L.

Phil. Signor, you are Don Fernando de Zelva?

Ped. Yes, boy.

Phil. Here's a letter for you, sir, from Don Alphonso.

Ped. I don't know any Don Alphonso, boy. What's the letter about?

Phil. I think, sir, 'tis to invite you to a feast,

Ped. A feast!—Oh, I recollect now—Don Alphonso, what! my old acquaintance! give it me, boy.

Phil. But, are you sure, sir, you're Don Fernando?

Ped. Sure, you dog! don't you think I know myself? —let's see, let's see—[*Opens the letter and reads.*] "*Signor, though you seem ready to fall on to a love feast, I hope a small repast in the fields won't spoil your stomach*" —Oh, this is only a snack before supper—"*I shall be, at six o'clock this evening*"—You dog, it's past six now— "*in the meadow, near the cottage of the vines, where I expect you'll meet me*"—Oh dear, I shall be too late!— "*As you aspire to Donna Victoria, your sword must be long enough to reach my heart, Alphonso.*" My sword long enough! [*Frightened.*] Oh, the devil!—Feast! Zounds, this is a downright challenge!

Phil. I beg your pardon, signor, but if I hadn't met my sweetheart, Catilina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh, you have given it time enough, my brave boy.

Phil. Well, sir, you'll come?

Ped. Eh? Yes, I dare say he'll come.

Phil. He!

Phil. Yes, I'll give it him, my brave boy.

Phil. Him! Sir, didn't you say you were——

Ped. Never fear, child, Don Fernando shall have it.

Phil. Why, sir, an't you Don Fernando?

Ped. Me! not I, child—no, no, I'm not Fernando; but, my boy, I would go to the feast, but you have delayed the letter so long, that I have quite lost my stomach. Go, my fine boy.

Phil. Sir, I——

Ped. Go along, child, go! [*Puts Philippo off*, L.] however, Don Fernando shall attend you—but here comes my sposa—

Enter LORENZA, *reading a letter*, R.

"*Dearest Lorenza,—By accident I heard of your being in the castle.—If you don't wish to be the instrument of your mother's imposition, an impending blow, which means you no harm, this night shall discover an important secret, relative to him, who desires to resign even life itself, if not your* Ramirez."—My love! [*Kisses the letter.*] I wish to be nothing, if not your Lorenza; this foolish

Fernando! [*Looking at Pedrillo.*] but, ha! ha! ha! I'll amuse myself with him—looks tolerably now he's dressed—not so agreeable as my lover Ramirez, though. [*Aside.*

Ped. I'll accost her with elegance. How do you do, signora?

Lor. Very well, sir, at your service.—Dresses exactly like Prince Radifocani.

Ped. Now I'll pay her a fine compliment.—Signora, you're a clever little body.—Will you sit down, signora? [*Hands a chair,* R. C.

Lor. So polite, too!

Ped. [*Sits.*] Oh, I admire politeness.

Lor. This would not be good manners in Florence, though.

Ped. [*Rising.*] Oh! I beg pardon. Well, sit in that chair; I'll assure you, Donna Victoria, I don't grudge a little trouble for the sake of good manners. [*Places another chair.*

Lor. [*Courtesies.*] Voi cette motto gentile.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Yes, I sit on my seat genteelly.—I find I understand a good deal of Italian.—Now to court her, hem! hem! what shall I say? Hang it, I wish my master had gone through the whole business, to the very drawing of the curtains.—I believe I ought to kneel, though—[*Kneels.*] Oh, you most beautiful goddess, you angelic angel! [*Repeats.*

For you, my fair, I'd be a rose,
To bloom beneath that comely nose;
Or, you the flower, and I the bee,
My sweets I'd sip from none but thee.
Was I a pen, you paper white,
Ye gods, what billet-doux I'd write!
My lips the seal, what am'rous smacks
I'd print on yours, if sealing wax.
No more I'll say, you stop my breath,
My only life you'll be my death. [*Rises.*

Well said, little Pedrillo! [*Wipes his knees.*

Lor. There is something in Don Fernando's passion extremely tender, though romantic and extravagant.

Ped. Oh, for some sweet sounds, signora! if you'll sing me a song, I'll stay and hear it, I'm so civil.

Lor. With pleasure, sir

AIR.—Lorenza.

Heart beating,
Repeating,
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly answering each fond hope;
Pr'ythee leave me,
You'll deceive me,
After other beauties running,
Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning,
Show where points the inclination. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A View of the Outside of the Castle, with Moat and Drawbridge.—Lamps down.*

Enter Don Cæsar *and* Spado, R. U. E.

Don C. You gave my letter to the lady?

Spa. Yes, I did, Captain Ramirez.

Don C. [*Aside.*] Lucky she knows me only by that name!

Spa. A love affair, hey?—Oh, sly!

Don C. Hush!—Mind you let us all in by the little wicket in the east rampart.

Spa. I'll let you in, captain; and a banditti is like a cat—where the head can get in, the body will follow.

Don C. Soft!—Letting down the drawbridge for me now may attract observation. [*Looking out.*] Yonder I can get across the moat. [*Going*, L. U. E.

Spa. [*Calling.*] But, captain! my dear captain! if you fall into the water, you may take cold, my dear sir! [*Aside.*] I wish you were at the bottom, with a stone about your neck! [*Exit*, R.

AIR.—Don Cæsar.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry sense and ev'ry power
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep;
Then our careful watch we keep.
While the wolf, in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barr'd—a vain resistance!
Females shriek, but no assistance.
Silence! or you meet your fate!
Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate!
Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder;
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter SPADO, R.

Spa. I'm in love with this castle: I've got my comrades out at last. Old Don Juan has arrived, I hear.—Can anything be made of him, I wonder? I've only got a portmanteau, some cash, and some plate, such as candlesticks, spoons, and tops of pepper-castors. I don't know how it is, but there isn't half the bustle I expected. I'm for a fine confusion—that's the time to pick up the loose articles! I hear old Don Juan is very passionate: if I could but set him and Don Scipio by the ears——I have it! Here he comes.

Enter DON JUAN, *in a travelling-dress*, L.

Don J. Egad! my coming will surprise my son Fernando, and Don Scipio, too. Tell him I'm here: I hope I'm time enough for the wedding.

Spa. [*Slily.*] A grim-looking old gentleman!

[*Bows obsequiously.*

Don J. Who's dog are you?

Spa. How do you do, signor?

Don J. Why, are you a physician?

Spa. Me a physician! Alack-a-day! no, your honour—I am poor Spado.

Don J. Where's Don Scipio?—What the devil! is this his hospitality?—He has heard that I am here?

Spa. He hear!—Ah, poor gentleman! hear!—His misfortune!

Don J. Misfortune!—What, he's married again?

Spa. At the brink.

Don J. Marry, and near threescore!—What, has he lost his senses?

Spa. He has nearly lost one, sir.

Don J. But where is he?—I want to ask him about it.

Spa. Ask!—Then you must speak very loud, sir.

Don J. Why, what, is he deaf?

Spa. Almost, sir; the dear gentleman can scarce hear a word.

Don J. Ah, poor fellow!—Hey! isn't yonder my son?

[*Walks up*, L.

Spa. Now, if I could bring the old ones together, I shouldn't doubt of a quarrel.

Enter DON SCIPIO, R.

Don S. Ah, here's my friend, Don Juan!—Spado, I hope he han't heard of his son's pranks.

Spa. Hear!—Ah! poor Don Juan's hearing!—I've been roaring to him these five minutes.

Don S. Roaring to him!

Spa. He's almost deaf.

Don S. Bless me!

Spa. You must bellow to him like a speaking-trumpet. [*Exit*, R. U. E.

Don S. [*Speaking very loud.*] Don Juan, you are welcome.

Don J. [*Starting.*] Hey! [*Aside.*] Strange that your deaf people always speak loud! [*Speaking very loud.*] I'm very glad to see you, Don Scipio.

Don S. [*Aside.*] When people are deaf themselves, they think everybody else is, too. [*Bawling.*] How long have you been this way?

Don J. [*Bawling in his ear.*] Just arrived.

Don S. [*Very loud.*] I mean as to the hearing.

Don J. [*Bawling*] Ay, I find it's very bad with you. [*Aside.*] Zounds! I shall roar myself as hoarse as a raven!

Don S. [*Aside.*] Ah, my lungs can't hold out a conversation—I must speak by signs. [*Motians to drink.*

Don J. What now, are you dumb, too

Enter VASQUEZ *and whispers* DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Oh, you may speak out, nobody can hear but me.

Don J. [*To Vasquez.*] Pray, is this crazy fool, your master here, going to be married?

Don S. [*Surprised.*] What!

Vas. [*To Scipio.*] Don Fernando would speak to you, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Don S. I wish he'd come here, and speak to this old blockhead, his father! [*Takes his hand.*] Don Juan, you are welcome to my house—but I wish you had stayed at home!

Don J. I am much obliged to you.

Don S. You'll soon see your son—as great an ass as yourself!

Don J. An ass!—You shall find me a tiger, you old whelp!

Don S. Why, zounds! you're not deaf!

Don J. A mad, ridiculous——

Enter DON FERNANDO *and* VICTORIA, R.

Fernando!—Hey, boy! what the devil dress is this?

Don F. My father—sir—I—I——

Don S. [*To Victoria.*] What are you doing with that fellow?

Vic. Your pardon, dearest father, when I own that he is now my husband.

Don S. Eh! eh! By this ruin, this eternal disgrace upon my house, am I punished for my unjust severity to my poor son, Don Cæsar—married to that rascal!

Don J. Call my son a rascal!

Don S. Zounds, man! who's thinking of your son? But this fellow to marry the girl, and disgrace my family

Don J. Disgrace! He has honoured your family, you crack-brained old fool!

Don S. A footman honour my family, you superannuated, deaf old idiot!

Enter DAME ISABELLA, L.

Oh, Dame, fine doings! Pedrillo here has married my daughter.

Don J. But why this disguise—what is all this about? Tell me, Fernando.

Isa. What, is this really Don Fernando?

Don S. Do you say so, Don Juan?

Don J. To be sure.

Don S. Hey! Then, Dame, your daughter is left to the valet—no fault of mine, though.

Isa. What a vile contrivance!

Don F. No, madam, yours was the contrivance, which love and accident have counteracted, in justice to this injured lady.

Isa. Oh, that villain, Spado

Don J. Spado! Why, that's the villain told me you were deaf.

Don S. Why, he made me believe you could not hear a word.

Ins. And led me into this unlucky error.

[*Exit Isabella,* L.

Don J. Oh, what a lying scoundrel!

Enter SPADO, *behind*, L.

Spa. I wonder how my work goes on here!—[*Roars in Don Juan's ear.*] I give you joy, sir.

Don J. [*Beating him.*] I'll give you sorrow, you rascal!

Don S. I'll have you hanged, you villain!

Spa. Hanged! dear sir, 'twould be the death of me.

Ped. [*Without.*] Come along, my cara sposa—tol-de-rol—

Enter PEDRILLO, R.

How do you do, boys and girls? Zounds! my old master!

Don J. Pedrillo! Hey-day, here's finery!

Ped. I must brazen it out.—Ah, Don Juan, my worthy dad!

Don J. Why, what in the name of——but I'll beat you to a mummy, sirrah!

Ped. Don't do that—I'm going to be married to an heiress, so mustn't be beat to a mummy.—Stand before me, spouse. [*Gets behind Victoria.*

Don J. Let me come at him!

Spa. Stay where you are, he don't want you.

Don F. Dear sir!

Don S. Patience, Don Juan; your son has got my daughter—so our contract's fulfilled.

Don J. Yes, sir; but who's to satisfy me for your intended affront, hey?

Don S. How shall I get out of this? [*To Spado.*] I'll revenge all upon you, you little rascal! To prison you go. Here, a brace of alguazils, and a pair of handcuffs.

Spa. For me—the best friend you have in the world!

Don S. Friend, you villain! that shan't save your neck!

Spa. Why, I've saved your throat.

Don S. How, sirrah?

Spa. Only two of the banditti here in the castle, this morning.

Don S. Oh, dear me!

Spa. But I got them out.

Don S. How—how!

Spa. I told them they should come and murder you this evening.

Don S. Much obliged to you. [*A crash and tumultuous noise without,* L.] Oh, lord!

Enter SANGUINO *and* BANDITTI *rushing forward armed, with* DON CÆSAR *at their head.—Don Fernando draws, and stands before Victoria.*

Ban. This way!

Don S. Oh, ruin! I'm a miserable old man! Where's now my son, Don Cæsar?—If I hadn't banished him, I should now have a protector in my child.

Don C. Then you shall.—[*To the Banditti.*] Hold! My father! [*Kneels to Don Scipio,* L. C.

Don S. How! My son, Don Cæsar!

Don C. Yes, sir; drove to desperation by—my follies were my own—but my vices——

Don S. Were the consequence of my rigour.—My child! let these tears wash away the remembrance.

Don C. My father! I am unworthy of this goodness.

San. (L.) Captain, we didn't come here to talk.—Give the word for plunder.

Ban. [*Very tumultuous,* L.] Ay, plunder!

Don C. Hold!

Spa. [*Cocking his pistol.*] Ay, captain, let's have a choice rummaging.

Don C. Stop! hold! I command you.

Don S. Oh, heavens! then is Ramirez, the terrible captain of the cut-throats—the grand tiger of the cave! My life is yours.

Don C. And I'll preserve it as my own.—Retire, and wait your orders. [*Exeunt all the Banditti but Spado,* L.

Don S. What then, you won't let me be murdered. My dear boy! my darling! forgive me!—I—I—I pardon all.

Don C. Then, sir, I shall first beg it for my companions, if, reclaimed by the example of their leader, their future lives show them worthy of mercy; if not, with mine let them be forfeit to the hand of justice.

Don S. Some, I believe, may go up—eh! little Spado, could you dance upon nothing?

Spa. [*Bowing low.*] Yes, sir; but our captain, your son, must lead up the ball.

Don S. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, you know, though ill bestowed, I must try my interest at Madrid. Children, I ask your pardon; forgive me, Victoria, and take my blessing in return.

Vic. And do you, sir, acknowledge me for your child?

Don S. I do, I do; and my future kindness shall make amends for my past cruelty.

Ped. Ha, here comes my sposa.

Enter LORENZA *and* DON ALPHONSO, L.

Don C. My beloved Lorenza!

Lor. My dearest! [*They embrace.*

Don A. (L.) My good captain! as I knew this lady only by the name of Victoria, you little imagined, in your friendly promises to me, you were giving away your Lorenza; but, had I then known we both loved the same mistress, I should, ere now, have relinquished my pretensions.

Lor. My good-natured Alphonso! Accept my gratitude, my esteem; but my love is, and ever was, in the possession of——

Don C. Dear father, this is the individual lady whose beauty, grace, and angelic voice, captivated my soul at Florence; if she can abase her spotless mind, to think upon a wretch stained with crimes, accompany her pardon with your approbation.

Don S. Isabel has been too good, and I too bad a parent! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! then fate has decreed you are to be my daughter, some way or other.

Ped. Yes; but has fate decreed that my sposa is to be another man's wife?

Spa. [*To Don Scipio.*] And, sir, if fate has decreed that your son is not to be hanged, let the indulgence extend to the humblest of his followers. [*Bows low.*

Don S. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, though I believe you a great, little rogue, yet it seems you have been the instrument of bringing about things just as they should be.

Don J. They are not as they should be, and I tell you again, Don Scipio, I will have——

Don S. Well, and shall have—a bottle of the best wine in Andalusia, sparkling Muscadel, bright as Victoria's eye, and sweet as Lorenza's lip: hey, now for our brace of weddings—where are the violins, lutes, and cymbals? I say, let us be merry in future, and past faults our good-humoured friends will forget and forgive.

GLEE.—FINALE.

Social powers at pleasure's call
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus, Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest,

Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the rosy bowl,
Every chaste and dear delight,
Crown with joy this happy night.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

PED. DON F. VIC. DON S. DON C. LOR. DON A. SPA.

R. [L.

THE END.